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A Red Cross Appeal

By EUSTACE VYNNE

You have given to the war loans—the first, the second, the third.
Ah! yes, but Mr. Business Man, is **given** just the word?
You've **invested** every dollar in a safe and sane concern,
That uses it in your own cause, and brings a fair return—

For they're buying ammunition and food and clothes and guns
To keep your wife and sister from the terror of the Huns;
And the boys who do your fighting:—Ah, you always pay a debt!
Do you then, owe them nothing for their toil and blood and sweat?

We are asking you to **give this** time—without a thought of gain—
But who'd want greater interest than to help some boy in pain?
And your principal will be a Life that's saved in No Man's Land.
What a glorious **investment** for your dollars. Mr. Man!

So give and keep on giving—Don't ask what is your share!
When men are shedding blood for you and dying over there
Is it any time to ask how much? Give them a chance to live—
Your sacrifice is small enough. **Give all you have to give.**